

10¢ **AMAZING** JAN.
MYSTERY
FUNNIES





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UNIVERSE.COM

Help Uncle Joe - and Get Free Gifts!

Uncle Joe would like to find out from you certain facts about your personal habits, your likes and dislikes, which will help him edit a bigger and better magazine. The more he knows about you—the things you do, the things you enjoy, etc.—the better he can plan new mysteries, new lunnies, and new departments for your enjoyment and entertainment. But, he doesn't expect you

to give him this information without getting something in return for your trouble. No size! He has talked with several big companies and arranged to have them send you nice little gifts—valuable pamphlets, etc.—in return for a peek at the things you think and do about the types of products they make. Therefore, if you will help Uncle Joe to help you, he'll see that you get a

FREE reward. All you have to do is to answer the few simple questions in the handy coupon—making sure you answer each one truthfully and carefully—check the three gifts you would like to have sent—print your name and address—and mail the coupon to Uncle Joe. The sooner I get your coupon the faster I'll be able to send you your FREE gifts—so send it to me today!

Uncle Joe

Editor

Simply Answer The Questions Carefully And Return The Coupon To Uncle Joe Today!

Dear Uncle Joe:

Here are my answers to your questions:

1. Do you own a camera? Yes ... No ... [Check correct answer]
2. If so, how often do you take pictures with it?
3. Approximately how many pictures did you take last year?
4. Do you develop your own pictures? Yes ... No ... [Check correct answer]
5. Do you expect to own a new camera soon? Yes ... No ... [Check correct answer]
6. Do you make or assemble model ships, airplanes, etc? Yes ... No ... [Check correct answer]
7. When did you build one last?
8. When do you plan to build another?
9. What other types of models would you like to build?
10. What magazines do you read regularly?
11. What kind of books do you like best? Adventure War Hero Stories ... History Stories ... Invention Stories ... Detective Stories ... [Check correct answer]
12. How often do you buy (or receive) good books? Once a month ... Once in six months ... Once a year ... [Check correct answer]
13. What are your favorite hobbies? 1. 2. 3.

Thank you for answering these 13 questions fully and honestly. As a reward, please check any three of the items listed below, which are to be sent to you FREE in return for your help:

40-page sample copy of "Scott's Monthly Journal"—leading stamp collector's magazine. Contains latest news for postage stamp collectors, new issues, etc.

"Home Workshop Handbook"—16 pages of valuable advice on how to have a home workshop. Features 24 articles on which are instructions for making sets available.

36-page sample copy of "Model Builder"—the best magazine giving pictures, plans and complete instructions for building model cities, factories, warships, devices, etc.

"Liesel Trelo Handbook"—52 pages in full color—showing pictures, parts lists, etc., of Liesel locomotives, train, dump car, freight car, signal, fueler, bridge, freight car, etc., as well as blueprints for their assembly and use.

For bicycle riders: handbook on "How To Ride And Care For Bicycles"—ALSO Cyclists' Safety League membership button, card, and decal for bike.

Remington's reliable self-instruction book on how to typewrite will—easy lessons, 50 easy exercises, includes instructions on how to operate and care for portable typewriters.

Now, just print your name and address carefully below and mail this coupon to **UNCLE JOE, c/o Centaur Publications, Inc., 215 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.** Your gifts will be sent as soon as possible.

Your Name [PRINT] Age
Address City
State Number brothers & sisters

STATEMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ST. LOUIS, MO., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1939.

State of Missouri, County of St. Louis, Mo., at the City of St. Louis, Mo., this 1st day of October, 1939.

I, **JOHN J. HARTMAN**, being duly sworn, depose and say that I am the publisher of the above-named publication, known as **AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES**, and that the circulation of the same during the month of September, 1939, was as follows: Total number of copies printed, 10,000; Total number of copies distributed, 8,000; Total number of copies retained, 2,000.

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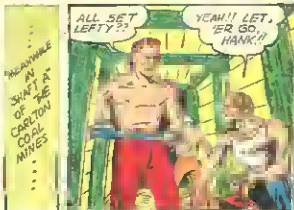
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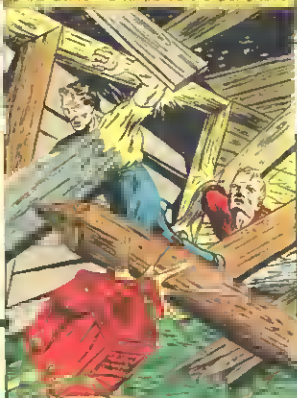
AS HANK
TEARS
LOOSE
PIE
BRIDGING
ON THE
W. OF
SHAFT
"A"!



THE MEN AT THE END OF THE SHAFT TURN
COULD AT THE CALL ECHOING THROUGH THE TUNNEL



AS THE TIMBER CONTINUES TO BREAK LOOSE
AND GAIN MOMENTUM, IT STRIKES THE CHARGER
TO THE DYNAMITE AT THE FORE-END OF SHAFT "A"



A MOMENT LATER, THE MEN ARE TRAPPED
BETWEEN TWO DEATHS --- A CAVE-IN IN FRONT
OF THEM AND AN EXPLOSION BEHIND THEM



MEN FALL LIKE FLIES IN THE MINE DISASTER



WHILE
IN THE
FIELD
OFFICE
"THE
CARLTON"
MINES
...



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, THE EMERGENCY CREW IS LOWERED INTO THE MINE, FULLY EQUIPPED TO RESCUE THE MEN TRAPPED IN SHAFT "A"...

C'HON — BET A MOVE ON! YES — THEY'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR!!
DOC, THOSE AMBULANCES ON THE WAY??



CARLSON
TURNS
TOWARD
THE
CROWD

IS THERE A DOCTOR AMONG YOU? WE NEED ALL THE MEDICAL AID WE CAN GET!!



I SAY, THERE — I'M A PHYSICIAN* BEASTLY CURANCE, ALL THIS!!

HUH —?? OKAY! THANKS FOR HELPING US OUT!



FORGET THAT WE'RE RIVAL'S, CARLTON! ANYTHING I CAN DO??

THANKS, GRIMES — I CAN USE EVERY MAN AVAILABLE!!



BUT
HE'S
TRYING
TO
HELP
!

CHUMP — WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOUR MINE, IT WON'T BE WORTH SELLING!!
HUH — YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY ME TO TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS!



WHILE DESCENDING THE ENGLISH SOUNDING DOCTOR MYSTERIOUSLY WATCHES GRIMES

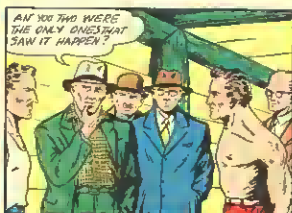
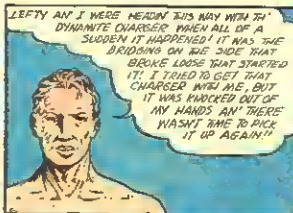
HM-M-M — HE SEEMS TOO UNCONCERNED AND CALM ABOUT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS! PERHAPS HE KNOWS — — BUT WE SHALL SEE LATER ON!!



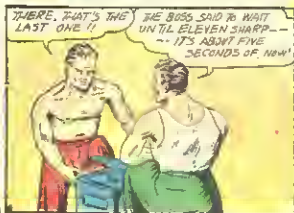
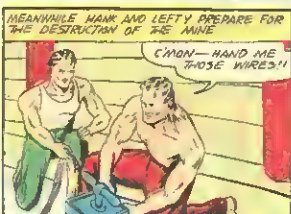
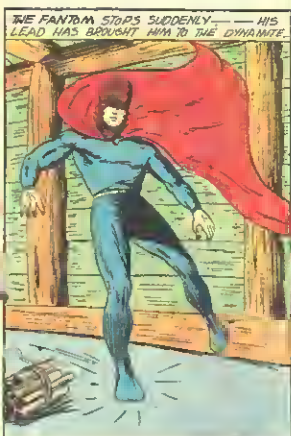
WE DID EVERYTHING WE COULD, MR CARLTON! THE SHAFT'S ALL BLOCKED!!

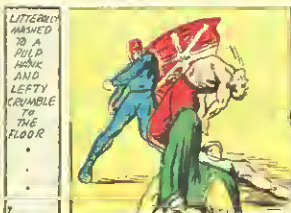
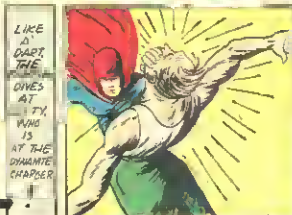
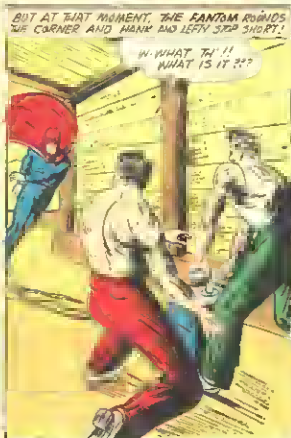
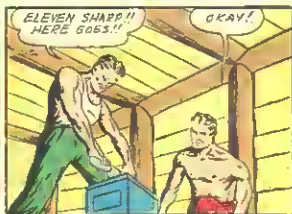
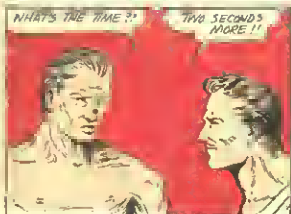
GET THAT STEEL SHIELDING UP AN' PUT PLENTY OF BRIDGING ON IT SO IT WON'T CAVE IN AGAIN! NOW, HANK — WOULD IT HAPPEN??











THE FANTOM RIPS LOOSE THE WIRE TO THE CHAIR, AND PICKS UP HANK AND LEFTY!

YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN YOUR PLAYMATE, BOYS!!



THERE -- JUST TAKE IT EASY!! SOMEONE WILL COME ALONG AND PICK YOU UP!! SO LONG!!



MEANWHILE, THE RESCUE PARTY HAS BROKEN THROUGH TO THE ENEMBED MEN!!

FOURTEEN MEN KILLED -- IT'S LIKE A NIGHT-MARE!!

YES -- IT SEEMS UNBELIEVABLE!! THOSE THAT LIVED WERE HARDLY SCRATCHED AND ALL THE OTHERS WERE KILLED INSTANTLY!!



CARLTON -- LOOK!! THAT ENGLISH DOCTOR!!

I SAY -- I FOUND THESE THREE CHAPS RATHER BUNDLED UP WITH THIS NOTE ATTACHED TO ONE OF THEM!!



LISTEN -- HERE'S THE CAUSE OF THE MINE DISASTERS AND THE END OF THEM!! THE FANTOM!! HOLY HATS!! SO IT WAS GRIMES!! THE YELLOW SO AND SO SHOULD BE BOILED IN OIL -- AN' THAT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM!!



RECKON YIM WON'T BE A NEEDIN' ME HERE, NOW THAT IT'S ALL SETTLED!!

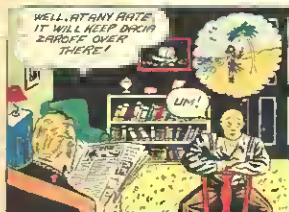
HEY -- COME BACK WITH THAT -- HUH?? IT'S -- IT'S -- IT'S HIM!! THE FANTOM!!



AS THE PARTY REACHES THE ELEVATOR SHAFT

WONDER WHERE I'LL GO NEXT?? I DON'T KNOW YET -- ANYWAY -- WHERE THERE'S TROUBLE TO STRAIGHTEN OUT!! WELL, SEE YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!





MEANWHILE...MY WARTORN EUROPE...DACHA
RABOFF PAYS A VISIT TO FRITZ VON MEIN,
WEALTHY MUNITIONS MAKER...

BUT, FRITZ, I'VE GOT
TO HAVE MONEY...
NOW THAT MY
FATHER IS GONE
I'M PRACTICALLY
PENNYLESS!

SO, MY DEAR DACHA
YOU MUST THINK MONEY
GROWS ON TREES
I'VE GOT TO
CONSIDER WHAT
MONEY I HAVE

WHAT? WHY? YOU,
OF ALL PEOPLE
ARE BENEFITING
NOW!

ACH...NOT ENOUGH
NOT ENOUGH...THIS
WAR MIGHT END VERY
ABRUPTLY AND I
MUST THINK OF
THE FUTURE
TEARS...OF PEACE

HOWEVER IF
THE UNITED
STATES COULD
BECOME
INVOLVED...

WHY, FRITZ, ARE
YOU MAD? THAT
MIGHT MEAN THE
DOWNFALL OF YOUR
OWN NATION! WHERE
IS YOUR PATRIOTISM?

PATRIOTISM? BAN!
I MANUFACTURE
WAR MATERIALS,
DON'T I? WELL,
I WANT TO SELL
THEM!!

H-H-M...NOW, IF I
WERE INSTRUMENTAL
IN THE INCREASE OF
YOUR SALES...JUST
HOW MUCH OF A
PERCENTAGE WOULD
I GET?

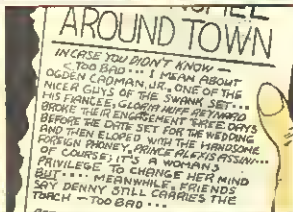
NOW, MY DEAR,
YOU'RE TALKING
SENSE... YOU
HAVE A PLAN?

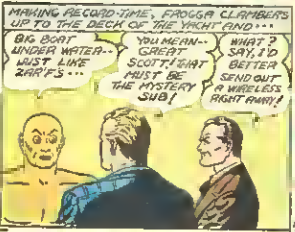
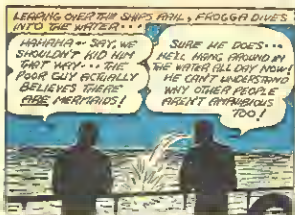
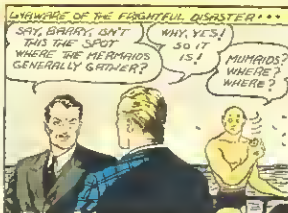
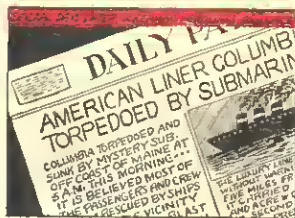
WELL, YOU SEE...I'VE
BEEN TOYING WITH
THE IDEA OF A
MYSTERY SUBMARINE
ATTACKING AMERICAN
SHIPS...THE UNITED
STATES MIGHT
ER-SUSPECT
YOUR COUNTRY
AND SO...

BRAVO-- I CAN ASSURE
YOU, MY DEAR, YOUR
FINANCIAL WORRIES
WILL BE
OVER!

A TOAST...TO
THE SALE OF
MUNITIONS!..

IF YOU SUPPLY THE SUBMARINE...
I HAVE JUST SUCH A CREW
IN MIND THAT WILL BE
REQUIRED... PROVIDED
OF COURSE, THEY
ARE WELL REIMBURSED...
AND I, MYSELF, WILL
SEE THAT THE PLAN
IS CARRIED OUT
SUCCESSFULLY!





JUST AS THE SUBMARINE STRATS TO RISE TO THE SURFACE, FROGGA SMASHES THE PERISCOPE...

HA -- FROGGA
FIX PERSCOPE!



BUT, FROGGA'S CURIOSITY IS AROUSED AND DECIDING TO EXAMINE THE INSIDE OF THE SHIP, HE ATTEMPTS TO PRY OPEN THE STERN ESCAPE HATCH...

OOF... NEBBE... UH...
MUMMIDS INSIDE...
OOF... MUST BE...
UH... S TUCK...



SHORTLY AFTER, BARRY CIRCLES THE MARKER BUOY)

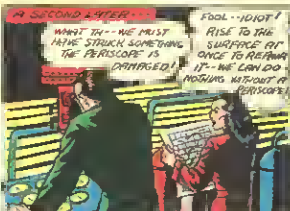
HMM... WONDER
WHAT THEY HIT...
NO SIGN OF FROGGA
YET, EITHER...



A SECOND LATER...

WHAT IS -- WE MUST
HAVE STRUCK SOMETHING
THE PERISCOPE IS
DAMAGED!

FOOL... IDIOT!
RISE TO THE
SURFACE AT
ONCE TO REPAIR
IT -- WE CAN DO
NOTHING WITHOUT A
PERISCOPE!



QUICK! TO THE
TORPEDO ROOM...
WE'VE SPRUNG A
LEAK AND THE
ENGINE ROOM
IS FLOODING...

WHY -- SHUT OFF
THE COMPARTMENT
PREPARED TO USE
YOUR ESCAPE
LUNGS!



SUDDENLY, A MARKER BUOY SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE

LOOK! A MARKER
BUOY! THEY MUST
HAVE STRUCK
SOMETHING!

GREAT SCOTT! LET'S
HOPE THEY HAVE
ESCAPE LUNGS
BETTER HAVE YOUR
MEN LOWER A LIFE
BOAT!



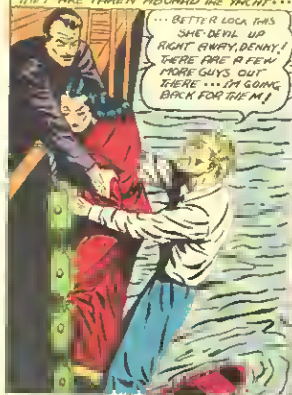
ABRUPTLY, A HEAD BREAKS THE SURFACE OF THE WATER...

YOU!!

DACIA ZAROFF!!
WELL, WELL... FANCY
MEETING YOU
HERE!



HAVING RESCUED AS MANY OF THE SHIP'S CREW AS THE LIFEBOAT WOULD HOLD... THEY WERE TAKEN ABOARD THE YACHT...



... BETTER LOCK THIS SHE-DEAL UP RIGHT AWAY, DENNY! THERE ARE A FEW MORE GUYS OUT THERE... I'M GOING BACK FOR THEM!

AS THE SEEMINGLY EXHAUSTED DENNY IS ASSISTED ONTO THE SHIP'S FURL, SHE WHIPS OUT A REVOLVER AND...



ALL RIGHT, MEN, TAKE COMMAND OF THE SHIP AND BIND THAT FOOL...

BUT---

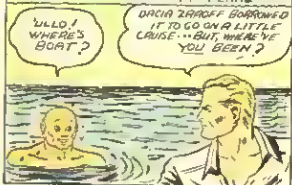
AS BARRY RETURNS WITH THE REMAINING FEW SURVIVORS...



A PLEASANT VOYAGE, MR. FINN... AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY... MURMURS!!

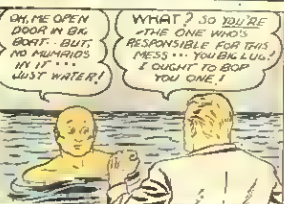
WHY, YOU---

SHORTLY AFTER... FROGGA APPEARS...



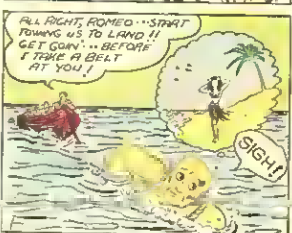
HELLO! WHERE'S BOAT?

DACIA ZAROFF BORROWED IT TO GO ON A LITTLE CRUISE... BUT, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?



OH, ME OPEN DOOR IN BK. BOAT... BUT, NO MURMURS IN IT... JUST WATER!

WHAT? SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MESS... YOU BIG LUG! I OUGHT TO BOP YOU ONE!



ALL RIGHT, ROMEO... START TOWING US TO LAND!! GET GOIN'... BEFORE I TAKE A BELT AT YOU!

SIGH!

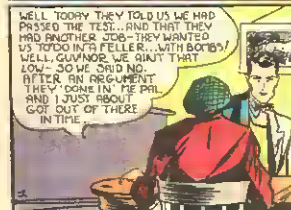
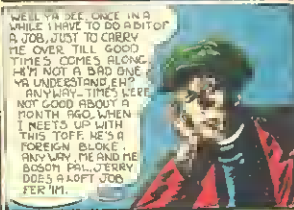
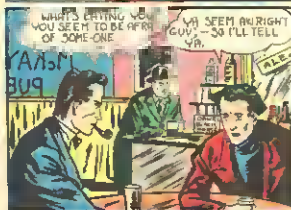
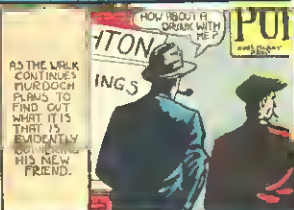
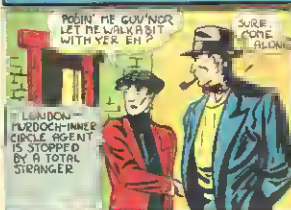


ONLY A FEW MORE MILES... PUFF! PUFF!

WATCH FOR THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF BARRY FINN IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

The INNER CIRCLE

by FIELD

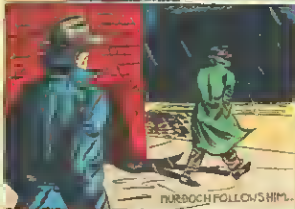




BACK IN HIS APARTMENT, MURDOCH
CONFIRMS HIS CONVICTIONS ABOUT "BLUE HAND"



FROM A DOORWAY ACROSS
THE STREET, MURDOCH
PREPARES FOR A LONG VIGIL



...AND TRAILS
HIM TO A BRIDGE
OVER THE
THAMES-WHERE
HE MEETS A
COMPANION
WHO CARRIES
A BOX. THEY
GO TO THE
CENTER OF
THE BRIDGE
WHERE THEY
PLACE THE
BOX IN THE
SHADOWS



RETURNING
TO THE
APARTMENT,
MURDOCH
SENDS A
REPORT TO
THE "I.C.
HEAD-
QUARTERS.



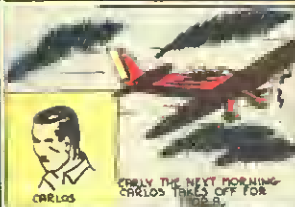
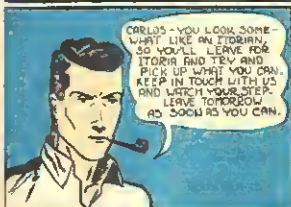
at Washington Square
London
1937 England

Dear Carlos:
It has been an attention span
on all organization, known as the "Blue Hand"
and again today sitting.

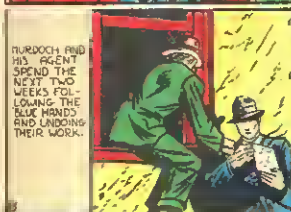
During the last two days, a bomb
had a very interesting experience when you
given proof that the "Hand" is again sitting
to make all day.

Always send an air and a personal
letter to every confidential member.

IN REPLY TO
HIS LETTER,
TWO AGENTS
ARE SENT
TO HELP
MURDOCH.



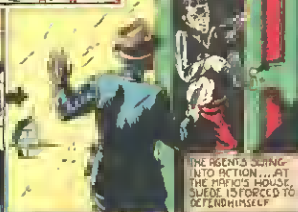
MEANWHILE - MURDOCH AND JWEED
LAY THEIR PLANS.



MURDOCH AND
HIS AGENT
SPEND THE
NEXT TWO
WEEKS FOL-
LOWING THE
BLUE HANDS
AND UNDOING
THEIR WORK.



THE "IC" MEN ARE SUCCESSFUL IN THWARTING
THE BLUE HANDS WORK, UNTIL ONE DAY
LONDON IS ROCKED BY A BOMBING.



AFTER THE
BATTLE IS
OVER MUR-
DOCH TAKES
STOCK OF
THE SITU-
ATION.

WE HAVE GOT TO
GET THESE MEN OUT
OF ENGLAND.
GUESS THAT I'LL
CALL HEADQUARTERS
AND GIVE THEM ALL
THE DOPE.



MURDOCH PUTS THEM

BE AT THE USUAL DOCK
AT MIDNIGHT NEXT TUESDAY
YOU'LL BE PICKED UP BY ONE
OF OUR SHIPS. COL ROGERS
IS ABOARD WITH SOME MEN.
HE HAS A SURPRISE FOR YOU.
WE'LL PICK UP THOSE MEN
IN LONDON. CHEERIO!

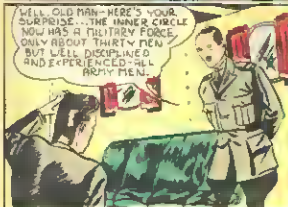


AT THE AP-
POINTED HOUR
MURDOCH AND
SWEDE ARE
AT THE DOCK.



A FEW HOURS LATER THEY ARE AT SEA,
HEADED SOUTH.

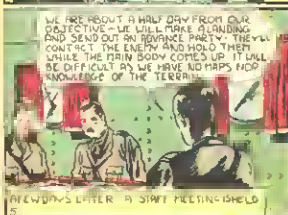
WELL, OLD MAN—HERE'S YOUR
SURPRISE... THE INNER CIRCLE
NOW HAS A MILITARY FORCE
ONLY ABOUT THIRTY MEN
BUT WELL DISCIPLINED
AND EXPERIENCED—ALL
ARMY MEN.



WE KNOW OF YOUR SERVICE
IN THE FORCES AND HAVE
A PLACE FOR YOU.
I WOULD SUGGEST THAT
YOU READ UP ON REGULA-
TIONS—JUST TO CLEAR
UP A LOT OF POINTS.



WE ARE ABOUT A HALF DAY FROM OUR
OBJECTIVE—WE WILL MAKE A LANDING
AND SEND OUT AN REVENGE PARTY. THEY'LL
CONTACT THE ENEMY AND HOLD THEM
WHILE THE MAIN BODY COMES UP. IT WILL
BE DIFFICULT AS WE HAVE NO MAPS NOR
KNOWLEDGE OF THE TERRAIN.



A FEW DAYS LATER A STAFF MEETING IS HELD

5

LAND HO!

EARLY THE
NEXT DAY
A LOOKOUT
SIGHTS
THE
ISLAND



LATER THE LANDING
IS MADE AND THE
ADVANCE PARTY
SETS OFF.



A NATIVE, WORKING ON THE
CLIFFS, SPOTS THE PARTY
COMING INLAND.



THE ADVANCE PARTY
LOCATES THE VILLAGE!



USING WELL KNOWN ROUTES,
THE NATIVE HASTENS TO
THE VILLAGE AND GIVES
THE ALARM.



THE
NATIVES
TAKE
POSITIONS.

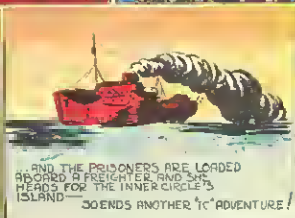
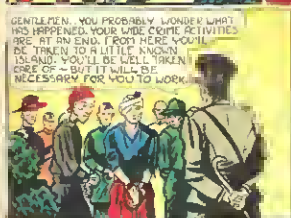
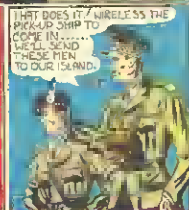


THE NATIVES OPEN FIRE,
BRINGING DOWN ONE
MAN!



THE TWO
REMAINING
MEN OF THE
ADVANCE PARTY
ARE PINNED
DOWN IN THE
OPEN.
THE MAINBODY
NOTICES THEIR
POSITION, AND
WILL AID THEM.





TIPPY TAYLOR on FANTASY ISLE

A New Feature of Great Adventure In Amazing Places from TV

George Loane

THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF
THE METROPOLITAN TIMES
IN METROPOLIS, CALIFORNIA

A FORTUNE TELLER TOLD ME
THAT I WAS GOING ON A LONG
TRIP SOON. I DON'T WANT TO
DISAPPOINT HER SO LET'S GO
UP TO THE AIR-HEAD FOR
THE ICE FOLLIES, TONIGHT!

THAT'S A SWEET
IDEA, TIP!

THIS IS TERRIFIC!
SEND IN TIPPY TAYLOR!

I JUST RECEIVED A CABLE GRAM
THE WORST EARTHQUAKE AND
TYPHOON IN HISTORY JUST HIT
SOMER AND THE EAST INDIES

I WANT YOU TO COVER THAT STORY.
TIP! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PER-
FORMANCE ANY OTHER PAPER YOU WILL
HAVE TO TAKE A PRIVATE PLANE TO
GET THERE IN THE SHORTEST TIME

OF COURSE YOU FACE GREAT
DANGER... A FAMOUS AVIATRIX
MAKING A ROUND-THE-WORLD
FLIGHT A FEW YEARS AGO
WAS LOST IN THE PACIFIC...

ARE YOU
WILLING TO
RISK IT?

I'VE ALREADY
STARTED!

MY NAME IS HUNK O'LEAF. I'M
YOUR PILOT ON THIS TRIP.
MR. TAYLOR, WE'RE ABOUT SET
TO TAKE OFF.

THIS IS OUR COURSE.
WE WILL FLY
DIRECTLY WEST
FROM HERE.



AND THAT FORTUNE-TELLER
SAID THAT IT WOULD BE
A STRANGE TRIP!

TIPPY TAYLOR FANTASY ISLE

A New Feature of Great Adventure In Amazing Places

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO MAKE NEWS INSTEAD OF GET NEWS. WE MUST BE AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED MILES OFF OUR COURSE!

SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH THE MOTOR. I CAN'T MAKE IT GAIN ALTITUDE!

GET SET! WE'RE GOING DOWN!



NO SIGN OF THEM! WE WILL CONTINUE THE SEARCH IN A FIFTY MILE RADIUS NORTH OF HERE.

MEANWHILE...

IT'S TOO BAD THE PLANE WENT UNDER BEFORE WE COULD RESCUE ANY OF THE SUPPLIES.

LOOK! AN ISLAND!

BOY! AND WHAT AN ISLAND! JUST LOOK AT THAT GIANT UNDERGROWTH AND VEGETATION!

ALL ASHORE!

AHHHH! SAFE ON LAND AT LAST!

I WONDER WHAT ISLAND THIS IS, TIFT

TIPPY
TAYLOR

FANTASY ISLE

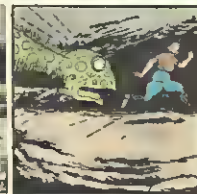
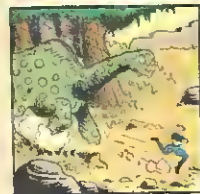
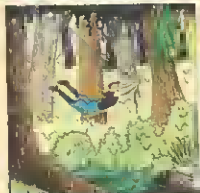
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TIPPY
TAYLOR

FANTASY ISLE

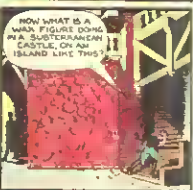
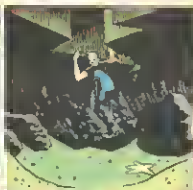
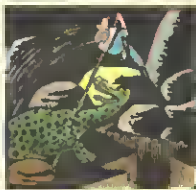
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TIPPY
TAYLOR

FANTASY ISLE

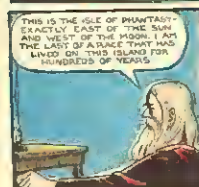
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TIPPY on FANTASY ISLE

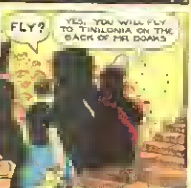
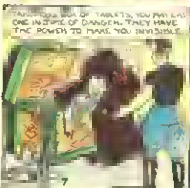
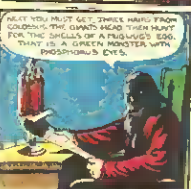
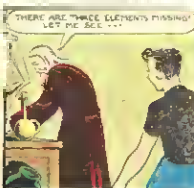
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TIPPY
TAYLOR

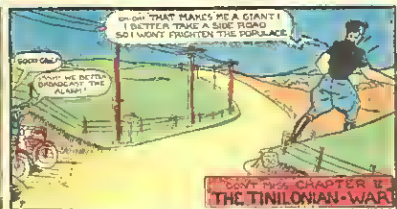
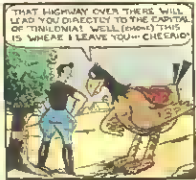
on FANTASY ISLE

A New Feature of Great Adventure In Amazing Places



TIPPY or FANTASY ISLE

A New Feature of Great Adventure In Amazing Places



CONT. PAGES CHAPTER 12 THE TINILONIAN-WAR

THE FALSE MASK



The Man Of A Thousand Faces Couldn't Change The One Thing That Gave Him Away!

A Short Mystery-Detective Story

By Ray Gill.

"CALLING all cars . . . calling all cars . . . be on the lookout for 'Faces' Jeffre . . . escaped convict . . . five feet ten inches tall . . . weighs one hundred and fifty pounds . . . wanted for murder . . . last seen in grey prison uniform, but may be disguised . . . there is a reward of five thousand dollars for the capture of this man . . . dead or alive . . . calling all cars . . . calling . . ." "Faces" Jeffre clicked off the radio and turned to the men in the small, farm-house room.

"If those coppers think they're going to get me back in that stinkin' coop, they're nuts. I'm out this time for good. We'll just stay put here for awhile until this thing blows over, and then we'll take the dough and lam for South America."

He leaned back on the small sofa and confidently blew a shaft of cigarette smoke at the old-fashioned lamp on the table, and watched how it outlined the beam of light.

"We'll fight 'em with a bag of tricks those phonies never heard of before. I can make you guys up to look like anyone from the District Attorney to the President himself."

"FACES" JEFFRE, so named because of his trick of using his stage expetience and his uncanny ability to distort both his face and his voice to ward off any possible recognition. He had been a clever actor in his prime, but when vaudeville became a thing of the past he had turned to the easy way of getting what he wanted. He had swindled and robbed, and as he fell deeper and deeper into the mire of crime... he had killed.

He had been arrested, tried, and sentenced to one hundred and ninety-nine years in the New York State prison. One month ago he had broken out by disguising himself as a prison guard and helped carry out a dead man. On the way to the city morgue, he had shot the driver and escaped in the hearse.

His three friends on the outside were waiting a few miles farther down the road, and it was there that the police had found the hearse with its extra cargo of death. The waiting car whisked him into a sparsely settled section of New Jersey, as prearranged, and there they ate as our story opened.

"I SEE you've got all the ammunition we'll need if they find us," "Faces" continued, "and you've also brought along the make-up kit I mentioned. But, there's one thing you missed up on..."

"What's that, Boss?" The heavy man with the beard asked.

"Food! How do you think we can live without food? Spike, you and Jerry take the car and go find a place around here where we can get some supplies. But you've got to buy it... understand? We can't let anything draw the cops around here." The men shifted uneasily. "Well, get going... you heard what I said!" The fellow with the beard spoke.

"We... that is, me and Jerry don't think it's safe to show our faces around here. You never know who's going to spot you. They've got all the dicks in the county lookin' for us..."

"Why... you yellow-bellied... I might have known... I'll go myself! There ain't enough guys in the three of you to make one good crook! Give me that gun, and keep house for me 'till I get back."

"Wait a minute, 'Faces,' if you get caught that'll mean the end of us too... don't try it... you haven't got a chance."

"I haven't ch? Well, you just watch how a few brains will do the work of three stupid bodies." "Faces" unlocked the make-up box and proceeded to make up like a farmer.

There was an old pair of overalls hanging in the back room and to top it off there was an old Model T Ford truck in the barn. The make-up was complete with a few dabs of false hair on his face. He was the picture of the typical New

Jersey chicken farmer. The boys were pleased. "You sure know how to fool 'em, 'Faces.' Your own mother wouldn't know you in that rig." And then he had left.

The Model T had started after a little coaxing, and a couple of miles down the road he pulled up in front of a small, high porched country store. He had the entire transaction planned in his head before he entered the store.

"No sense in takin' any unnecessary chances," he had told himself, as he edged up to the counter in a carefully studied manner. The young man behind the counter had brought everything he asked for without any hint of suspicion. The deal complete, he handed the clerk the exact amount and started to leave.

Near the door he stopped, laid down the large package, and took out the correct amount of change for a pack of cigarettes. Without a word he laid down the money, picked up the pack, and left, it had worked perfectly. The minute the Model T roared away, the young clerk grabbed the phone, called the New Jersey State Police, and calmly told them that "Faces" Jeffre was heading north on the state highway.

A WEEK later, in the office of the District Attorney, the New Jersey grocery clerk was handed the five thousand dollars reward.

"But how did you know it was Jeffre? We understand the State Police even hesitated to pick him up, so perfect was his disguise!"

"Well, for one thing, I thought it was kinda funny that a poor farmer like him should be buying so much stuff at one time."

"And what else?" The District Attorney asked.

"His hands. They looked too well kept to be a farmer. But when he bought the cigarettes, I knew he wasn't a native of that section."

"Why was that?"

"He was so exact about everything else, so when he gave me an extra three cents for the butts... I figured he was a New York guy, and thought of 'Faces' Jeffre right away!"

"That'll teach you that there isn't any tax on cigarettes in Jersey, 'Faces'... if you ever buy them again!"

THE END



DON DIXON

AND THE WIDDEN EMPIRE

WHILE WAITING FOR LUG-OFF TO WARN THEIR FRIENDS OF THE MARSHES, DON WATCHES KUL AND HIS BAND FROM THE FOREST.

WHY DOESN'T TAIL GET WITH HIS MEN? THE WATER FALLS EVERY MINUTE! THEY'LL BE TOO LATE!

LUG-OFF REACHES THE MARSH PALACE

CTOR! YOUR ALONE THERE'S DON

HE REMAINED TO SPY ON KUL, WANDA! THEY BUILT A DAM! SOON IT WILL DRAIN THE SWAMP



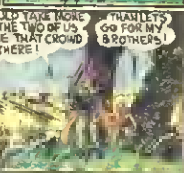
KUL WOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF IT!!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE MUST DOVE THEM OUT OR DEATH FOR ALL OF US!!

CAPTAINS! ASSEMBLE ALL YOUR MEN BEFORE THE PALACE WE MARCH AT ONCE!

DON GROWS ANXIOUS AT THE PROGRESS MADE BY THE FEN

LET IT! IF ONLY HAD A COUPLE OF MEN





THE WHITE LORD!

HE'S COME BACK TO US!

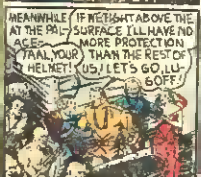
BROTHERS LOOK SEE WHOM I HAVE BROUGHT!

DEEP IN THE FOREST.



DON FINISHES HIS STORY TO THE COUNCIL. HE WOULD HAVE NEVER HAD THIS FOREST IF NOT FOR THE WHITE LORD! NOW HE NEEDS US! DO ANY HANG BACK? WE GO!

NO! NO!



MEANWHILE IF WE FIGHT ABOVE THE AT THE PAL-SURFACE I'LL HAVE NO MORE PROTECTION THAN THE REST OF US! LET'S GO, LU-GOFF!



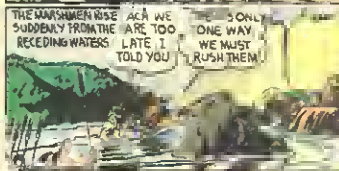
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM, XLIL MAY HAVE THEIR LAND- I DON'T

COURAGE, TAN DON IS OUT THERE TOO- BUT I KNOW THEY'LL COME



THE WATER IS FALLING FAST, YES - I AM AFRAID THERE'S NO TIME!

THE GOT TO BE LUG OFF! WE MUST DESTROY THE DAM OR WE'RE DOOMED



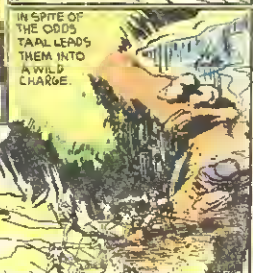
THE MARSHMEN RISE AKA WE SUDDENLY FROM THE ARE TOO RECEDING WATERS LATE I TOLD YOU

ONLY ONE WAY WE MUST RUSH THEM



YOU'VE GOT BRAINS, DAGMAR A FEW MORE HOURS AND

AND HER PEOPLE WILL BE GASPING LIKE FISH IN OUR NET!



IN SPITE OF THE ODDS TAPL LEADS THEM INTO A WILD CHARGE.



NO TAPL! IT'S BETTER TO DIE HERE IT IS THAN WAIT FOR A CER- IMPOSSIBLE TAIN DEATH LATER



AT THEM MEN!

THE VICTORIOUS MARSHMEN
DRIVE THEIR ENIMIES BACK
TOWARD THE DAM



HOLD THEM! THEY CAN'T
FIGHT IN THE AIR! THEY'LL
WEAKEN IN A MOMENT!



NO, LUGOFF-- WE'VE GOT
TO DESTROY THE DAM-- IT IS
DEATH FOR ALL OF
US-- IF WE DON'T!



DAGMAR'S PROPHECY PROVES TRUE.

GIVE IT UP TAAL!
THE AIR FIGHTS
FOR THEM! YOUR
MEN WILL BE
SLAUGHTERED!



COME BACK
AND FIGHT!
ARE YOU
COWARDS?
ONE MORE
CHARGE!

NO SURE YOU ARE TOO
WEAK! COME TO THE
PALACE AND REST
WE ARE NOT BEATEN
YET!



LUGOFF GIVES THE
ORDER TO RETREAT, THE MARSH

men drive back the enemies.



PALACE
YOU'RE SAFE
NOTHING MAT-
TERS NOW!

NOT LONG
HAVE FAILED! WE'LL BE
CUT OFF AND TRAP-
PED!



EVERYTHING IS-- LOST! YET
THE PALACE RESTS IN A
DEEP HOLE AND WE'LL HAVE ROUND US
WATER LONG AFTER THE
M-- IS DRIV!!

--AND WAIT FOR
KUL TO OUR
WE'VE ROUND US



SURE, THE WATER DROPS
FASTER THAN EVER!
ALREADY TWO FLOORS
OF THE TOWER ARE ABOVE
THE SUR-
FACE!

I KNEW IT! IT'S OUR
LAST STAND!
COME WE'LL GO TO
THE TOWER!

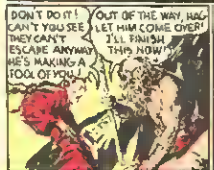


WHAT HAS HAPPENED
TO DON, LUGOFF?
HAVE THEY CAUGHT
HIM?



ACH, IF HE IS STILL ALIVE
HE'LL COME AND HELP
US WANDA!





IF YOU LOSE KUL YOUR MEN
LEAVE THE MARSH AND DES-
TROY THE DAM! REMEMBER!

-AGREED!
NOW LET'S GET
GOING!

(THEN GO! LET THE
BEST MAN WIN!)

COURAGE, TANIA! AT
LEAST HE'S FIGHT-
ING FOR YOU!

WANDA - I CAN'T LOOK!
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO
TAAL - I DON'T WANT
TO LIVE!

YOUR PEOPLE ARE
REAL FRIENDS, VIGO I
WOULDN'T FORGET
THIS!

YOU AND DR. LUGOFF
FOUGHT FOR US ONCE
IT'S LESS THAN WE
OWE YOU, MASTER

THEY'RE ALL GONE,
MASTER! THE SWAMP
HAS NEARLY DRAINED!

YOU'RE RIGHT, VIGO! SOME-
THING'S HAPPENED!

KUL IS A BIGGER FOOL THAN I
THOUGHT! HE'S LEFT
ONLY TWO GUARDS!

HE PLANS THE
SURPRISE.

REMEMBER! KEEP UNDER
COVER UNTIL I GIVE
THE SIGNAL!

A FEW
MOM-
ENTS
LATER.

KUL'S
GUARDS
ARE
STARTLED

(DROP YOUR WEAPONS, DOGS!)

HEY! - IT'S - IT'S ONE OF
THE WHITE
STRANGERS!

HE'S ALONE
(KILL HIM!)

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU WANT IT THAT WAY!
- LET THEM HAVE IT, VIGO!

DIG IN, EVERY SECOND
COUNTS NOW!

THE LITTLE FOREST PEOPLE
WORK FRANTICALLY UNDER
DON'S ORDERS TO DESTROY
THE DAM.



GIVE IT EVERYTHING! IT'S BOUND TO
WEAKEN!



LOOK MASTER!-
LOOK!-IT'S
CRACKING!



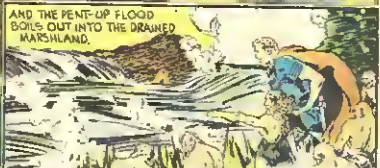
THE
HUGE
DAM
SUDDENLY
GIVES
WAY



RUN TO THE
BANKS. SHE'S
GIVING IN!



AND THE PENT-UP FLOOD
BOILS OUT INTO THE DRAINED
MARSHLAND.



MEANWHILE

AT LAST, LITTLE MAN! I'LL SPLIT
YOUR HEAD LIKE AN EGG!!



BUT AS THE FEN KING'S SWORD IS ABOUT
TO CRASH DOWN, A SCREAM FROM
DADNAR DRAWS ALL EYES TO
THE NORTH.



TO THE PALACE WITH
SOMETHING HAS
DESTROYED THEIR
DAM!



TAAL, DEAREST YOU'RE NOT
HURT!- AND WE
ARE SAVED?



INSIDE, TAAL-A
WE'LL ALL BE
SWEEP AWAY!

THE ROARING FLOOD BOILS DOWN UPON DAGMAR, KUL AND HIS FOLLOWERS AS THEY GO SCREAMING TO THEIR DOOM



DON BIDS FAREWELL TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE

THANKS TO ALL OF YOU! YOU'VE DONE A SWELL JOB!

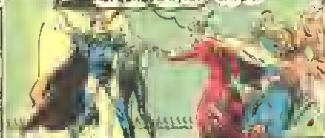
IT WAS NOTHING, MASTER! THE FOREST PEOPLE ARE YOUR FRIENDS ALWAYS!!



IT'S DON! DIDN'T YOU YET! BUT I'LL BE SAFE! BUT ESCAPED THE FLOOD! WHERE ARE THEY BELIEVE YOU LOST! THE OTHERS?



SUDDENLY, THERE EVERYBODY! DON! YOU'RE NOT QUITE DEAD, YET! SAFE!!



DON TELLS HIS MARVELOUS! THE MARSHLAND STORY WOULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED IF NOT FOR YOU

Y'ALL REMAIN WITH US ALWAYS!



MY FATHER AND GET WANDA TO IT! YOU RECOUNT!



WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO KEEP THEM! FORGIVE ME! I HAVE GROWN SO POND OF YOU ALL!



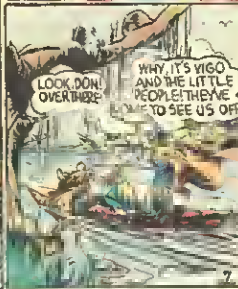
THE KING AND QUEEN RELUCTANTLY SET THE ADVENTURERS ON THEIR WAY!



GOOD-BYE, MY FRIEND -- COME BACK TO US SOME DAY!



WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, QUEEN TANIA!



LOOK, DON! OVER THERE

WHY, IT'S VIGO AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE! THEY'VE COME TO SEE US OFF!

The BULLET

by R.F.BUTTS

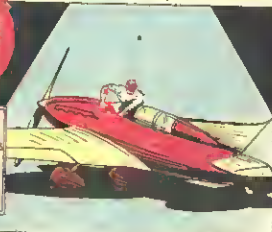
THE WORLD KNOWS CRAIG STEWART AS AN ADVENTURER, A MAN WHO, WITH HIS HINDU VALET, KHAN, HAS EXPLORED THE AMAZON JUNGLES, OPENED TOMBS IN EGYPT AND FOUGHT SAVAGE TRIBES IN MALAYA AND ON THE SAHARA... BUT FEW KNOW HIM AS A SCIENTIST...

FOR THE PAST YEAR THE NAME OF CRAIG STEWART HAS BEEN ABSENT FROM THE HEADLINES... THE HINDU VALET, KHAN, HAS BEEN ABSENT FROM THE HEADLINES...

THE NOTED SCIENTIST, DR. RAYMOND VERNON, ON THE SCIENTIST'S SECLUDED ESTATE.....



THE STORY OPENS IN DR. VERNON'S MANOR, WHERE A GLEEK, BULLET-LIKE SHIP RESTS.....



"WELL, DOC, SHE'S FINISHED - NOW ABOUT TAKING HER UP FOR A FINAL TEST FLIGHT?"



THE SHIP IS ROLLED OUT ON THE FIELD. CRAIG AND VERNON CLIMB IN... CRAIG PRESSES THE SELF-STARTER, THE MOTOR CATCHES - BUT THERE IS NO SOUND! SUCCESS! AT LAST THEY HAVE PERFECTED THEIR REVOLT ON A VERY INVENTION - A NOISELESS AIRPLANE MOTOR! LIKE A GHOST THE "BULLET" SWEEPS ACROSS THE FIELD INTO THE AIR.

AS THEY LAND KHAN, CRAIG'S VALET, IS WAITING FOR THEM...



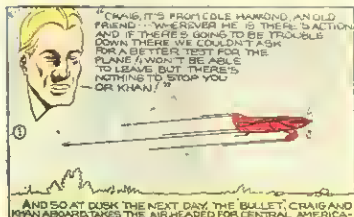
A CABLE GRAM FROM CENTRAL AMERICA, DOCTOR!

TELEGRAM...

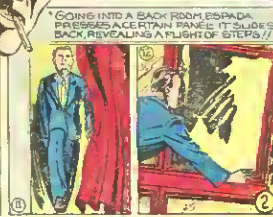
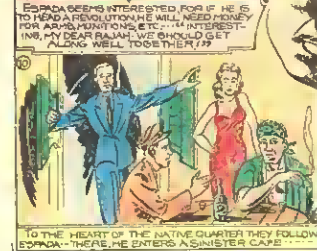
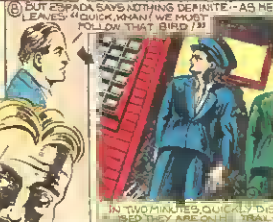
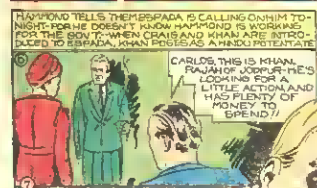
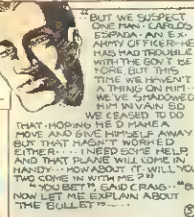
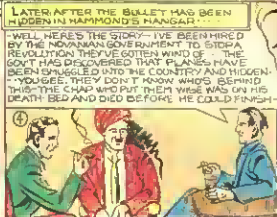
VERNON, COME TO NOVANIA --- OPPORTUNITY TO TEST PLANE --- SAID YOU WERE BUILDING --- REVOLUTION HERE SOON --- WORKING FOR NOVANIAN GOV

C HAMMOND COSTA NOVA NOVANIA

SHE'S SWEET AS A DREAM, DOC - NOT A WHISPER OUT OF THAT MOTOR!



AND AS DAWN BREAKS THEY LAND ON A SMALL FIELD NEAR HAMMOND'S HOME, HAVING RECEIVED RADIO INSTRUCTIONS FROM HAMMOND AS TO WHERE TO LAND.



SECONDS LATER, CRAIG AND KHAN ENTER.



"OKAY, MISTER-TAKE US TO WHERE ESPADA
IS. THEY DON'T LET YOU OWN ANY OF YOUR
FRIENDS OR IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD FOR YOU."

LEAVING
THE BAR-
TENDER
EGGED
AND
GAGGED
IN A
CLOSET.
CRAIG
AND
KHAN
START
DOWN THE
STEEP
NARROW
STAIRS.



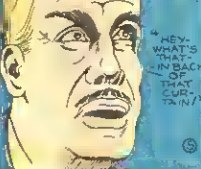
KHAN!
LISTEN!
VOICES!



CREeping
ALONG
A SLIMY
STONE
FLOOR
CRAIG
AND
KHAN
HALT
BEHIND
A
HEAVY
CURTAIN
AT
THE
END
OF
THE
PASSAGE-
WHAT
THEY
SEE
ASTOUNDS
THEM!

"GREAT SCOT, KHAN, IT'S THE
WHOLE GANG!" WHISPERED CRAIG.
"BUT THOSE ARMY MEN ARE DIS-
GUISED-DON'T KNOW WHO THEY
ARE."

BUT AS HE EDGES CLOSER-
CRAIG SLIPS ON THE WET STONE
FLOOR AND CLUTCHES THE CUR-
TAIN IN
OF HIM TO
KEEP
FALLING-
KEEN
EYED
EG
SEES!

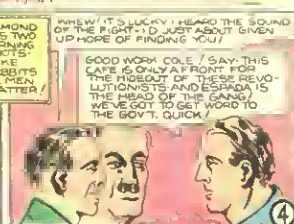
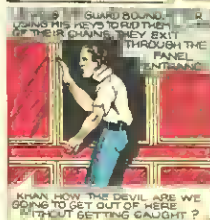
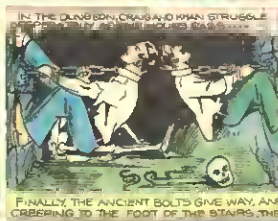
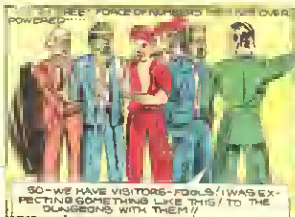


"HEY-
WHAT'S
THAT-
IN BACK
OF
THAT
CUR-
TAIN!"

"COME ON KHAN!" CRIED CRAIG. "WE'LL
SHOW THESE BOYS HOW TO FIGHT!"



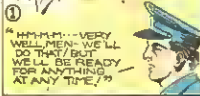
THEY HAVE NO CHANCE TO USE THEIR



CRAIG AND RAYMOND REPORT THEIR FINDINGS TO CAPTAIN DE CORTÉZ, CHIEF OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE—



"SO YOU SEE, CAPTAIN, WE'D RATHER YOU LET ESPADA REMAIN AT LIBERTY... WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEIR AIRFIELD IS YET, AND I'VE A HUNCH HE'LL LEAD US TO IT!"

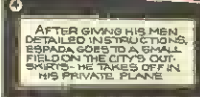
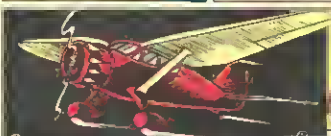


"H-H-H-M... VERY WELL, MEN— WE'LL DO THAT! BUT WE'LL BE READY FOR ANYTHING AT ANY TIME!"



AND THE REBEL LEADERS MEET AGAIN THAT NIGHT, THEIR PLANS UPSET BY CRAIG'S DISASTROUS ESCAPE

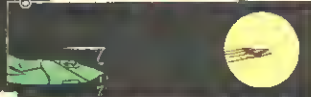
—BY NOW THE GOV'T. HAS BEEN WARNED— WE MUST STRIKE BEFORE THEY CAN GET READY— WE STRIKE AT DAWN!!



AFTER GIVING HIS MEN DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS, ESPADA GOES TO A SMALL FIELD ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS— HE TAKES OFF IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE



LET THE FOOLS FOLLOW ME IF THEY DARE!



ENACIOUSLY CRAIG CLINGS TO ESPADA'S TAIL... DAWN BREAKS— AN HOUR PASSES— THEN ESPADA, UNAWARE OF THE BULLET HIGH ABOVE HIM, NOSES DOWN TOWARD A SQUARE IN THE GREEN ROOF OF THE JUNGLE

CRAIG AND KHAN, CRUISING HIGH IN THE SILENT GALE, SPOT ESPADA'S PLANE AGAINST THE MOON, JUST AS THE GOV'T. CONTACTS THEM! THERE HE IS, KHAN! DISPATCH OR TELL CAPTAIN DE CORTÉZ TO BE



LOOK, KHAN— THERE IT IS! THE REBELS' AIR BASE! THEY'VE CAMOUFLAGED THE HANGARS, AND THE PLANES' WINGS, TOO!



CRAIG SWOOPS LOW AND A HIDDEN ANTI-CRAFT GUN ROARS!

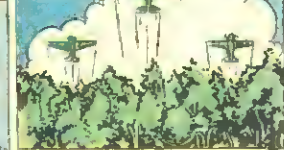


THE BURSTING SHELL MISSES THE PLANE, BUT A FLYING FRAGMENT KNOCKS CRAIG OUT!

OUT OF CONTROL, THE PLANE GOES INTO A SPIN! KHAN MANAGES TO PULL THE SHIP OUT OF IT, BUT HE'S SO CLOSE TO THE FIELD HE IS FORCED TO LAND IN ORDER TO AVOID CRASHING INTO THE SURROUNDING

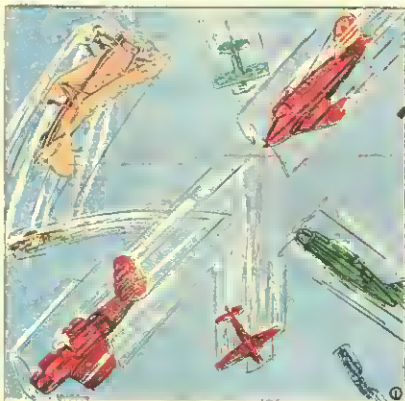


"THAT'LL MAKE A NICE TYPE SHIP FOR MY AIR FORCE WHEN I'M IN POWER! I'M OFF ON A LITTLE ERRAND NOW, BUT I'LL ATTEND TO YOU WHEN I GET BACK!"



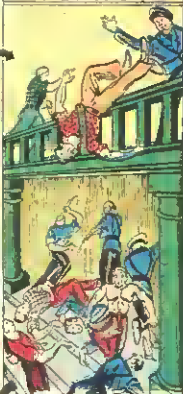
—AND THE REBEL SQUADRON OF SLEEK FIGHTING PLANES ROARS INTO THE AIR, HEADED FOR NOANIA'S CAPITAL, COSTA NOVA!

JUNGLE!



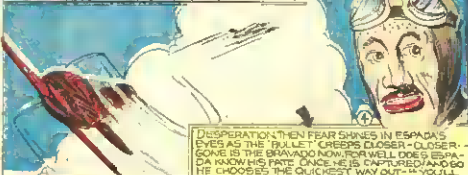
IT'S STEWART IN THE BULLET! LIKE AN AVENGING GHOST THE POWERFUL SHIP ATTACKS THE ENEMY, LEADEN DEATH STREAMING FROM CONCEALED MACHINE GUNS! THE FEW ARMY PLANES LEFT TAKE ON NEW LIFE! PERCELY SWARM TO THE "BULLETS" NO!

2 AND THE ARMY, HEARTENED BY THIS FIGHTS BACK SAVAGELY THOUGH WASTELY OUTNUMBERED -- SLOWLY THE REBELS GIVE GROUND --



ESPADA POINTS THE NOSE OF HIS SHIP DOWN THE ROAD OF HIS MOTOR SWELLS TO A POWERFUL SCREAM AS THROTTLE WIDEN HE PLUMMETS TO HIS DOOM!!

3 ESPADA SEEING THE TIDE TURN, WHIPS HIS SHIP AROUND AND FLIES -- BUT CRAIG SEES HIM! HE SENDS THE "BULLET" IN PURSUIT!



DESPERATION THEN FEAR SHINES IN ESPADA'S EYES AS THE "BULLET" CREEPS CLOSER - CLOSER - GONE IS THE BRAVADO NOW. FOR WELL DOES ESPADA KNOW HIS FATE. ONCE HE IS CAPTURED! AND SO HE CHOOSES THE QUICKEST WAY OUT -- "YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, STEWART!"

CONGRATULATIONS STEWART! YOU'VE BEEN INVARIABLE TO THE NOVANIAN GOVERNMENT!

THAT'S SILENT! WED NEVER HAVE WON WITHOUT YOU! THANKS, HAMMOND -- AND YOU, COLONEL -- DR VERNON WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW ABOUT THE PLANE -- BUT NOW, HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SLEEPER, KHAN?



4 NOVANA'S TRAITOR FIRES HIS AND IN A ROAR OF FLAME!



JON LINTON

flyer

adventurer

IT IS THE YEAR 2009 A.D.! JON LINTON'S SENSATIONAL NEW SPACE-SHIP IS NEARLY COMPLETED IN ITS HIDDEN HANGAR, DEEP IN AN EXTINCT ALASKAN VOLCANO, GUARDED BY OLD PROFESSOR KANE.

SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON BY BURKE, THE HEAD OF INTERNATIONAL SECRET SERVICE, JON IS TOLD OF AN ARCH-ENEMY, CALLING HIMSELF "SATAN-REX", WHO THREATENS TO DESTROY THE EARTH BY HURLING IT INTO THE PATH OF THE SUN!..

ON HIS WAY TO THE PLANET FOR TIBET, IN RESPONSE TO A MESSAGE FROM A MYSTERIOUS HINDU, LAX DAHL. LISA KANE ACTS AS NAVIGATOR OF THE SHIP.

ON ARRIVING IN TIBET, THE ROCKET PLANE CRASHES ON A MIST-LIKE WALL OF FORCE AND THEY ARE STRANDED. LAX DAHL FINDS THEM AND TELLS THEM MORE OF THE DANGEROUS "SATAN-REX".

JOHN JAMES CAMPBELL

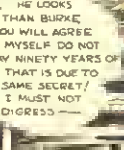
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT 'SATAN-REX' AND THIS ERIC VON NOCHWALT ARE THE SAME MAN?

THAT IS RIGHT, JON, BUT LET ME TELL YOU HIS STORY. TEN YEARS BEFORE EINSTEIN ADVANCED HIS FIRST THEORY OF RELATIVITY, THIS ERIC VON NOCHWALT WAS LAUGHED TO SCORN BY HIS FELLOW SCIENTISTS FOR HAVING THE SAME IDEA! HE BECAME A WARPED AND EMBITTERED MAN, AND WENT INTO HIDING —

THE CONFERENCE IN THE WRECKED PLANE

TEN YEARS BEFORE EINSTEIN? WHY THAT MAKES HIM OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

AH, YES! BUT HAVING EARLY DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF AGE-LESSNESS, HE LOOKS NO OLDER THAN BURKE HERE. YOU WILL AGREE THAT I, MYSELF DO NOT LOOK MY NINETY YEARS OF AGE! THAT IS DUE TO THIS SAME SECRET! BUT I MUST NOT DIGRESS —



OUTSIDE THE WRECKED SHIP RISES A STRANGE BLOOD-CHILLING SOUND... LIKE THE HISsing OF A MYRIAD SNAKES... THE SKY IS A-GLOW WITH A STRANGE SHIMMERING GREEN LIGHT!

OUTSIDE THE WRECKED SHIP RISES A STRANGE
BLOOD-CHILLING SOUND...LIKE THE HISsing OF
A MYRIAD SNAKES...THE SKY IS A-BLOW
WITH A STRANGE SHIMMERING GREEN LIGHT!

WAIT!...WHAT IS IT?
LET ME HELP YOU!... NO JOB...NOTHING CAN
SAVE ME...AND YOUR
LIFE IS TOO VALUABLE...
THROW AWAY

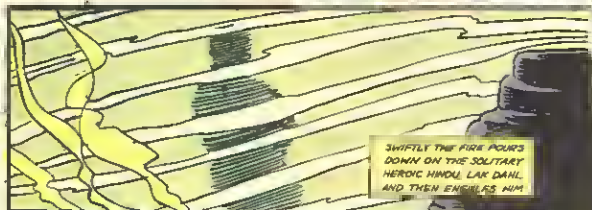
A HORRIBLE HISSING WRITHING
TONGUE OF LIQUID GREENISH
FIRE CURLS DOWN OVER THE
PASS AND INTO THE VALLEY



HISsing AND BOILING THE MOLTEN MASS
SWEEPS DOWN OVER THE ROCKY CLIFFS!



FAREWELL,
JON LINTON!



SWIFTLY THE FIRE POURS
DOWN ON THE SOLITARY
HEROIC HINDU LAK DAHL
AND THEN ENGULFS HIM



WHERE IS
LAK DAHL?



HE'S GONE, JON!
OH, HOW TERRIBLE!

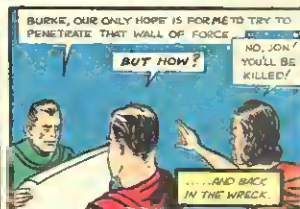
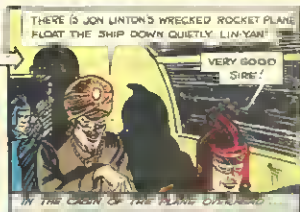
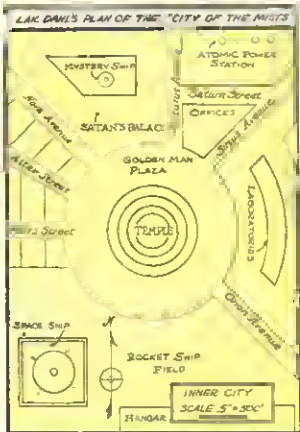
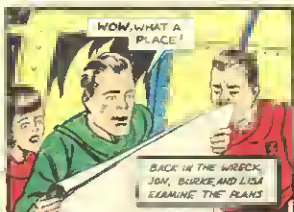


WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE... THIS PLACE
IS TOO DANGEROUS!

THOSE PLANS OF
LAK DAHL'S MAY
HELP US...



HE DIED LIKE THE
BRAVE MAN HE WAS IN AN
EFFORT TO SAVE MANKIND!



IT'S ROCKET'S SILENT SATAN'S
SHIP SWOOPS NOISELESSLY TO
LAND NEAR THE WRECK OF
JOH'S ROCKET PATROL PLANE



STEALTHILY SATAN-REX AND HIS MEN CREEP
ACROSS THE MOONLIT CLEARING TO JOH'S PLANE

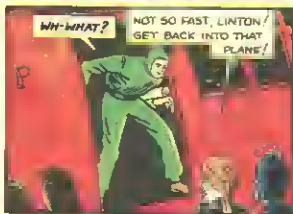


WELL, I'M ON MY WAY! TAKE
GOOD CARE OF LISA, BURKE!
GOOD LUCK,
BOY!



WH-WHAT?

NOT SO FAST, LINTON!
GET BACK INTO THAT
PLANE!



SO YOU ARE
'SATAN-REX'?

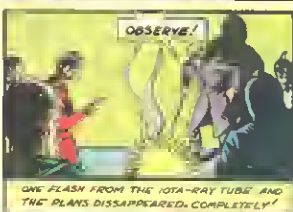
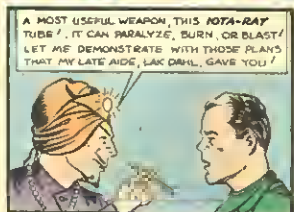
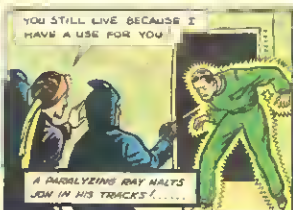
PRECISELY, MY
DEAR LINTON!

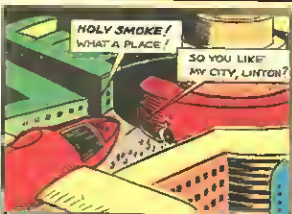
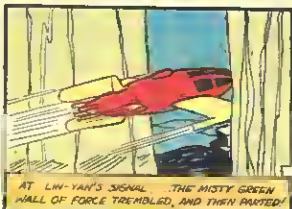
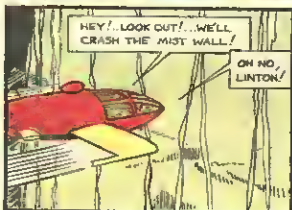
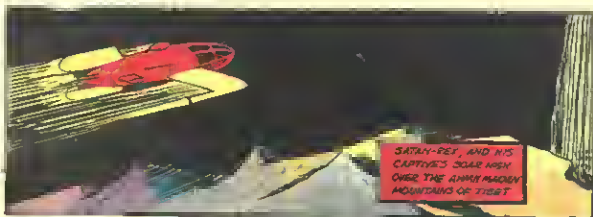


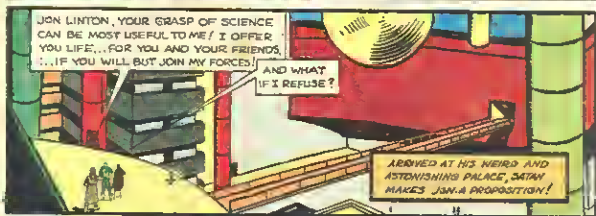
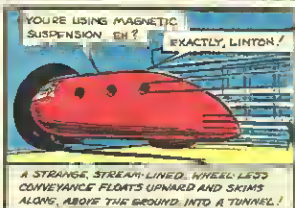
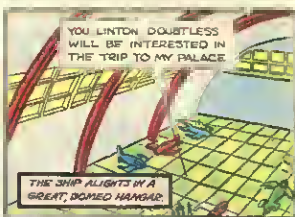
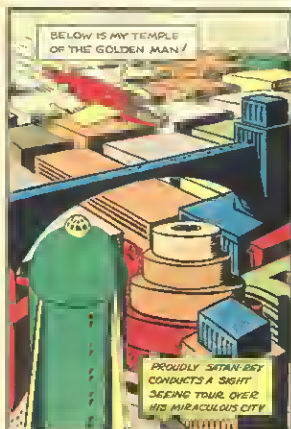
AH-H-H!... QUITE A LOVELY
MORSEL... THE LADY!... SHE'LL
BE QUITE AN ORNAMENT TO
MY HAREM!

WHY... YOU-!









STRANGER *than* FICTION!



SIR BASIL
ZAHAROFF.

SLEPT ONLY TWO
HOURS A NIGHT

Zaharoff ate only one meal a day, smoked all the time
juggled around his room a half-hour a day for exercise.

THE REV.
LAUDE BARTLELL,
PROVINCIAL MINISTER
OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
WAS STATE
POOL-PLAYING
CHAMPION
IN 1909...



THERE ARE 23,000 SCHOOLS
IN THE UNITED STATES WHICH
HAVE AN ATTENDANCE OF
LESS THAN 6 PUPILS...

BURTON NEWMAN,
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
LOST A BILLFOLD IN
THE BATHHOUSE OF
1906. HAD IT RETURN-
ED IN 1953. IT WAS
FOUND BY A MAN
WHO WAS
DIGGING UP
HIS LAWN



GERALDINE MOWBRAY
OF COKE, IRELAND,
WAS 7 YEARS OLD ON
JULY 17TH (MORNING) 1907.
SHE HAD 7 BROTHERS
AND SISTERS, LIVED AT
7 HICKEYWAY STREET,
AND HER FATHER'S TELE-
PHONE NUMBER WAS 77



GUNDJURO (JAPANESE (SOUTH
AMERICA) DO NOT SEE THEIR
WIVES OR HUSBANDS UNTIL
9 DAYS AFTER THE
MARRIAGE CEREMONY.
(TOWARDS IN MICHIGAN TERRELL,
BROOKLYN, N.Y.)

DURING THE TIME SHE WAS QUEEN
MARY OF SCOTLAND ATE
ONLY ONE MEAL EVERY
TWO DAYS...

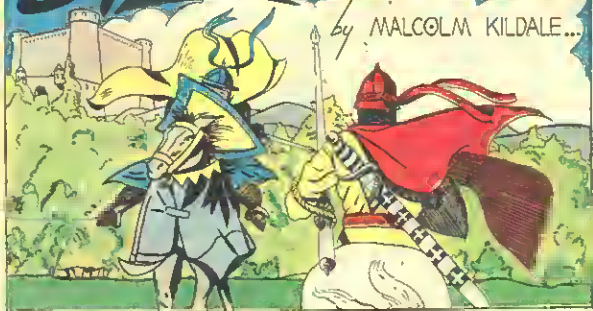


THE CANARY WHISK
"SPEAKS ENGLISH"
BELONGING TO ISRAEL
SON OF LISBON,
PORTUGAL

The canary has the same power of speech that is to be found in many other. As far as is known, the Rice pet is the only canary that has ever been taught to talk. It was trained by a United States Navy woman.

Speed CENTAUR

by MALCOLM KILDALE...



"SPEED CENTAUR" AND "REEL MCCOY" AFTER EXPLORING SPEED'S HIDEOUT CAVE, DISCOVER AN OPENING LEADING INTO A STRANGE LAND, — ONCE THERE, THE PAIR WAS SET UPON BY THE "TEN KNIGHTS OF DOOM", WHOM THEY READILY DEFEATED, — THEY THEN WENT ON AND RESCUED A "PRINCE ALBERT OF AVON" WHO WAS BEING HELD PRISONER BY HIS UNCLE AND GUARDED BY THE KNIGHTS!

AS SPEED AND HIS COMPANIONS TRAVEL TOWARD THE CASTLE OF PRINCE ALBERT'S WICKED UNCLE, SIR MORBID, —

PRINCE ALBERT — I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL REGAIN YOUR THRONE WITHOUT A WAR, — I HOPE!



MEANWHILE AS SPEED DISCLOSES HIS PLAN, — THE LEADER OF THE KNIGHTS OF DOOM WHO RAN AWAY WHEN HE SAW HIS BAND BEING BEATEN, CLATTER INTO THE YARD OF SIR MORBID'S CASTLE.



QUICK — TAKE ME TO SIR MORBID, KING OF AVON!



LED BEFORE PRINCE ALBERT'S UNCLE
THE KNIGHT CRIES OUT! —



WHAT? SPEAK
UP YOU SNIVELING
FOOL, WHO DID
IT? — HOW DID
IT HAPPEN? —



THE KNIGHT TELLS HIS STORY. —

AND SIRE THIS
MAN-HORSE
FOUGHT LIKE THE
VERY DEVIL,
WHO HE
PROBABLY IS!



BAH!
YOU'RE CRAZY —
LOCK THIS
FOOL UP, TILL
HE COMES
TO HIS SENSES.



TWEEPS YOU IDIOT,
WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF THIS?

HE'S MAD
YOUR MAJESTY,
BUT EASE YOUR
MIND SIRE, AS I
PLAY FOR YOU?



AND SO AS THE EVIL KING FORGETS
HIS WICKEDNESS TO THE TUNE OF A
JESTER'S SONG, WE FIND OUR INTREPID
GROUP PAUSING NEAR HIS CASTLE. —

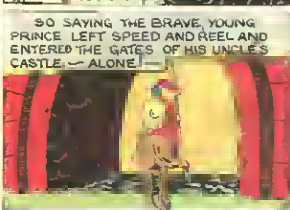


YOU'RE NOT AFRAID
TO TRY MY PLAN
THEN, PRINCE ALBERT?

NO, OF COURSE
NOT. WAIT HERE FOR
ME AND IF I'M
NOT BACK BY
NIGHTFALL YOU
WILL KNOW I
HAVE FAILED.



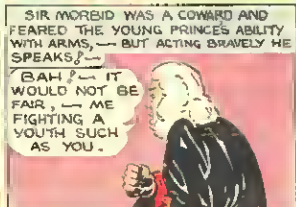
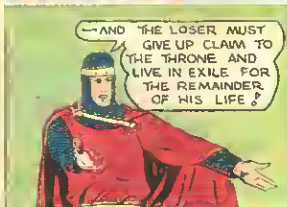
SO SAYING THE BRAVE, YOUNG
PRINCE LEFT SPEED AND REEL AND
ENTERED THE GATES OF HIS UNCLE'S
CASTLE. — ALONE! —



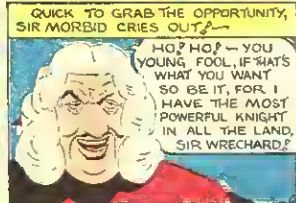
PRINCE ALBERT IS BROUGHT BEFORE HIS UNCLE WHO EXCLAMS.



SEEING AN OPPORTUNITY TO IMPRESS HIS COURTIER'S WITH HIS SENSE OF JUSTICE THE WICKED UNCLE ANNOUNCES

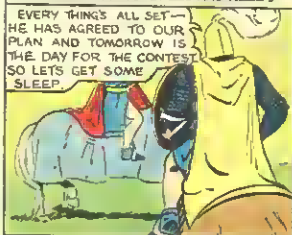


NO UNCLE, I DO NOT MEAN FOR US TO FIGHT, BUT FOR YOUR STRONGEST KNIGHT, TO PIT HIS POWER AGAINST SOME KNIGHT I CHOOSE!

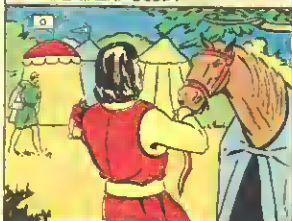


PRINCE ALBERT LEAVES THE CASTLE AND RETURNS TO SPEED AND REEL.

EVERY THING'S ALL SET—
HE HAS AGREED TO OUR
PLAN AND TOMORROW IS
THE DAY FOR THE CONTEST.
SO LET'S GET SOME
SLEEP.



THE NEXT MORNING THE TOURNAMENT
FIELD IS BEING MADE IN READINESS
FOR THE GREAT DUEL.



AFTER SIR MORBID SEATS HIMSELF
IN THE PAVILION TO THE BLARE OF
TRUMPETS, THE STARTER ANNOUNCES
THE RULES OF THE CONTEST.

— AND EACH CONTESTANT
SHALL CHARGE FORTH THE
OBJECT BEING TO UNSEAT
HIS OPPONENT. —



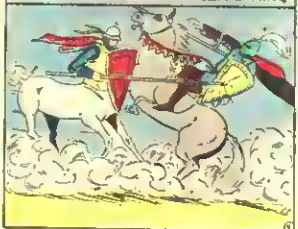
THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN, THE TENT
FLAPS PULLED BACK AND BOTH
CONTESTANTS CHARGE FORTH.



AS THEY CHARGE TOWARD EACH
OTHER THE CROWD GASPS AT
THE SIGHT OF SUCH A STRANGE FIGURE.

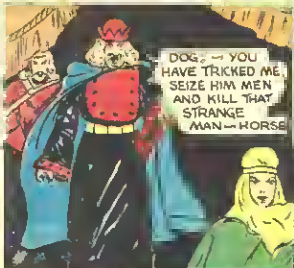


TRAVELING WITH THE FORCE AND
POWER OF A FAST MOVING TRAIN,
SPEED MEETS THE ON-RUSHING
KNIGHT AND QUICKLY UNSEATS HIM.



AFTER SPEED WON THE CONTEST, PRINCE ALBERT APPEARS BEFORE HIS UNCLE, CLAIMING HIS RIGHTS.

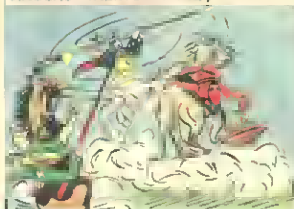
UNCLE ARE YOU PREPARED TO RETURN MY THRONE TO ME?



THE WICKED KNIGHTS OF SIR MORBID CHARGE ACROSS THE FIELD AT SPEED AND REEL ! ...



AS THE FIRST OF THE KNIGHTS BEAR DOWN ON THEM, SPEED HANDLES HIS LANCE LIKE A BAT AND KNOCKS THEM SPINNING !



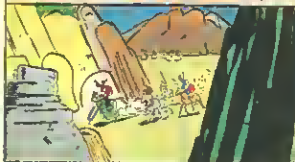
MANY A KNIGHT FELL BEFORE HE KNEW WHAT HIT HIM, FOR SPEED STRUCK FAST AND FURIOUSLY.



REEL WASN'T ANY SLOUCH EITHER, HE HANDLED A MACE WITH DEADLY FORCE ! ...



REALIZING HIS KNIGHTS ARE LOSING THE BATTLE, SIR MORBID FLEES WITH HIS BODYGUARD, TAKING PRINCE ALBERT WITH THEM AS PRISONER!



MEANWHILE REEL LEAPED ON SPEED'S BACK AND BOTH FOUGHT VICIOUSLY WHILE THE KNIGHTS WERE SLOWLY BUT SURLY BEING SUBDUED!



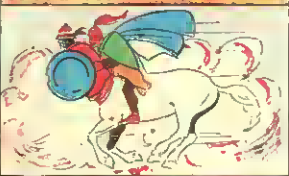
THE FEW REMAINING KNIGHTS TURN AND FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES.



NEVER MIND
TAKING YOUR HORSE
REEL, — WE'RE
GOING UP IN THE
AIR!



SPEED TAKES A MIGHTY LEAP AND
OUR HEROES ARE HIGH IN THE AIR.



TRAVELING AT A GREAT HEIGHT
SPEED AND REEL HAVE A PANORAMIC
VIEW OF THE COUNTRY SIDE.



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING
DO YOU REEL?

NO SPEED, —
BUT WAIT, —



LANDING IN THE PASS THE PAIR
FOLLOW IT'S COURSE THROUGH
THE MOUNTAIN.



WHY YES, THERE'S
A NARROW PASS
THROUGH IT, LET'S
SEE WHERE IT GOES.



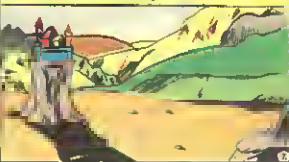
LOOK DOWN
ON THAT
MOUNTAIN!

REACHING THE FAR SIDE OF THE
MOUNTAIN REEL CRIES OUT.

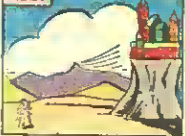


LOOK SPEED,
THAT'S WHERE
THEY MIGHT
BE.

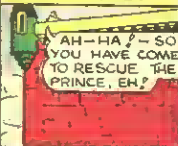
FOR THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF A
VALLEY STANDS A CASTLE ATOP A
PECULIARLY SHAPED HILL.



KNOWING THEY WILL BE
SEEN BY SIR MORBID,
SPEED AND REEL WALK
BRAZENLY TOWARD THE
HILL.



AS THEY APPROACH,
SIR MORBID CALLS TO
THEM FROM A TURRET
ATOP THE CASTLE.



AH-HA! - SO
YOU HAVE COME
TO RESCUE THE
PRINCE, EH?

WELL YOU DOGS,
YOU CAN HAVE
HIM!



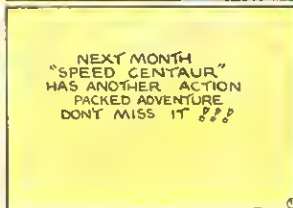
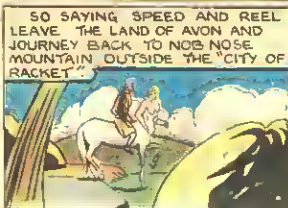
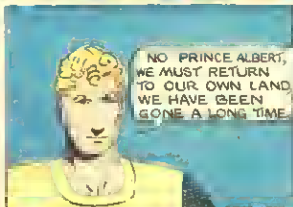
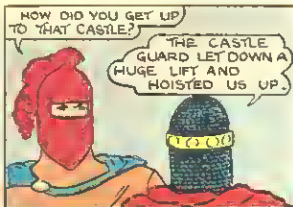
SO SAYING SIR MORBID GIVES A
SIGNAL AND PRINCE ALBERT
IS HURLED FROM ATOP THE CASTLE
TO THE GROUND HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW.

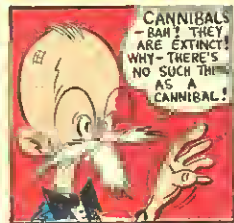
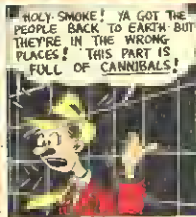
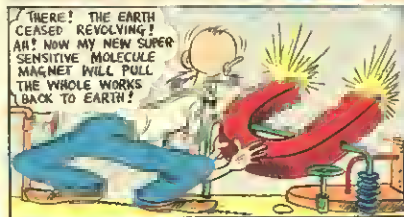
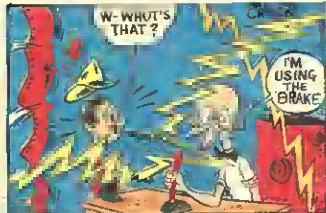
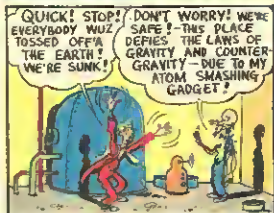
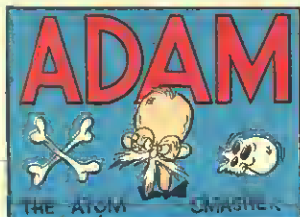


WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP SPEED
IS IN THE AIR AND CATCHES THE PRINCE
AS HE FALLS, TO THE AMAZEMENT
AND ANGER OF SIR MORBID.



PUTTING THE PRINCE SAFELY DOWN,
SPEED TURNS TOWARD THE BASE OF
THE HILL AND GATHERING ALL HIS
TREMENDOUS POWER AND STRENGTH
HE LIFTS AND PUSHES THE ENTIRE
HILL AND CASTLE OVER !!!







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